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MISTAKES.

God sent us here to make mistakes,
To strive, to fall, to re-begin,
To taste the tempting fruit of sin,
And to find what bitter food it makes.

To miss the path, to go astray,
To wander, blindly in the night;
But, searching, praying for the light,
Until at last we find the way.

And looking back along the past,
We know we needed all the strain
Of fear and doubt and strife and pain
To make us value peace at last.

Who fails, finds later triumph sweet;
Who stumbles once, walks then with care,
And knows the place to cry "Beware"
To other unaccustomed feet.

Through strife the slumbering soul awakes,
We learn on error's troubled route
The truths we could not prize without
The sorrow of our sad mistakes.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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THE EVER-RECURRING QUESTION OF MINE AND THINE.

There is something ominous in the declaration made by the Industrial Workers of the World that, in the event of the strikers at Patterson, New Jersey, losing the fight in which they are engaged and being practically forced back to work, they will wipe Patterson off of the map of the United States. What is meant by this is that the workers will ruin the machinery which will then be in their hands again, will thus bankrupt the owners of the industries, and thus so depopulate the place as to make it practically a village.

It is significant that at Paterson as well as at Lawrence and at some other places where strikes have been conducted of late the Industrial Workers of the World have dominated and have directed the battle for the strikers.

A striking workman said during the progress of one of these strikes, with reference to this syndicalist movement: "What this is I don't know. It may be socialism, nihilism, or anarchy; but this I do know: it has kept us workers of different nationalities from fighting one another, and it will give us fairer and juster conditions of work."

Judging this by its fruits, and not theoretically, workmen all over the country are coming to accept it as a weapon in the battles in which they become engaged, and the outcome is not to be predicted yet.

We do not consider here the merits of the strike at Paterson. Only the most thorough investigation would enable us to give anything other than a superficial and worthless judgment. And we are living in an age when there are far too many snap judgments. The Pacific has always endeavored to avoid them and shall continue, we hope, to so endeavor.

It is the spirit which the Industrial Workers of the World put into these strikes, and the fact that so many workmen for the sake of winning are willing to be directed by them, with which we are concerned.

The merits of the strike aside, Mayor McBride of Paterson was correct when he said:

"The fight which Paterson is making is the fight of the nation. If laws are not enacted, and that very soon, to cope with the situation, this horde of professional agitators will continue to stir up industrial strife not only here in

Paterson, but in every city in this country as well. Their agitation will have no other object in view but to establish a reign of terror throughout the United States."

But how to cope with the I. W. W. is a problem as serious as that which England is facing in the militant suffragettes. Some cities that have dealt with them summarily and drastically as their destructive teachings and methods have seemed in the judgment of good and wise citizens to demand, have plunged themselves into greater difficulties and have brought on themselves a torrent of criticism from even those who do not wish to see the industries of our country pass into the hands of the syndicalists.

How shall we cope with the I. W. W.? The Pacific says frankly that it does not know. How is England coping with the militant suffragettes? Perhaps in the very best way she can; but after all ineffectively. What can law do with a spirit that defies even unto death any law which does not accord with its conception of what law should be?

What can the lovers of their country and of mankind do to stem the power of that steadily growing movement which has as its aim the wrecking of our industries so as to put them in an inexpensive manner, without remuneration to their present capitalistic owners, into the hands of the workers?

Our thought turns as we seek to answer that question to some of the words of Secretary of Commerce Redfield in a little book written by him and published by the Century Company before his appointment to his present position. Writing as a man at the head of a great business enterprise and speaking for the thoughtful man of today Mr. Redfield said:

"We are thinking more carefully how far man may rightly fatten on man. The public looks no longer with patience on reducing wages to maintain profits or dividends. Even to cheapen costs on a falling market it is no longer thought just to pay workmen less for the same labor. More and better things are expected than a constant struggle between profits at the top and penury at the bottom in the same establishment."

And then Mr. Redfield added: "Will the business world recognize the new order and face it fairly and squarely and meet it half way? If so, well for the business world! Will the business world 'stand pat'? Then ill for the business world!"

Will such recognition of the needs and rights of the laboring man as is stated and implied in Mr. Redfield's words satisfy the workingmen of our country? It will not of course satisfy the Industrial Workers of the World. They want full control of the industries, with the present owners on a level with the lowliest now in their ranks.

What are the owners of our industries willing to give? What are the working men and women willing to accept? This is what is facing the people of this country for decision now and will be facing us so long as the wage system of industry shall continue in existence. It is the ever-recurring question and problem of mine and thine!

"The Young Man's Recreation Creed," written by the Rev. Herbert A. Jump, and published in The Pacific early this year, has had wide circulation. We have seen it in the New York Post, in the Boston Transcript, in a large number of church papers. It has appeared in The Christian Endeavor World, in the monthly published by the International Y. M. C. A., and Booker T. Washington, the noted negro educator, has given it extensive circulation in leaflet form in Tuskegee Institute.

CAPPING THE CLIMAX.

It remained for the Rev. Dr. Aked, in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco last Sunday evening, to cap the climax in the flurry of excitement which swept over this part of California because of the order from Washington for a temporary postponement of the trial of men charged with certain very atrocious acts. Dr. Aked surely is entitled to his opinion and to an expression of it. We cannot help feeling regret, however, because of the seeming extravagance of his language. Hyperbole never wins in the long run. If Dr. Aked is correctly reported in the daily papers, he regarded the action at Washington as partaking of the treasonable. One San Francisco paper contained in its report of him the flaming headlines, "Treason Thwarted." And reported him as having said: "It is treason for the state to turn traitor to the United States; but what if the United States betrays the state? . . . The righteousness of these two men, Messrs. McNab and Herrington, prevented an actual betrayal."

Dr. Aked is reported as saying also: "The President says it was entirely wrong for McNab to push the cases hastily and now tells McReynolds, You must push them hastily."

Here Dr. Aked is either incorrectly reported or is himself incorrect in statement. President Wilson never said that the district attorney had acted hastily in pushing the cases. What he did say was that he had acted hastily in sending in his resignation and in imputing injustice and wrong to his superior officer. Any one who will refer to his telegram to Mr. McNab will see the correctness of this.

Inasmuch as California people, through so many of our papers, are being given the criticisms which are being made of the Administration it may be well to turn attention to what is being said in defense.

The Springfield, Massachusetts, Republican, a paper to which people all over the country go for the most sober judgment, remarks:

"No one, probably, can believe that the department of justice is under corrupt influence or has the slightest desire to save men accused of crime from the punishment they deserve. But in a 'white slave' case the emotional elements are so powerful that a blunder in method might be disastrous in the possible effect upon popular sympathy. Even to give the appearance of making justice leaden-footed might damn an administration in the region where feeling was already aroused."

Accordingly The Springfield Republican added to this which was written before the President had acted: "It is perfectly obvious that if President Wilson does not jump into the affair and promptly straighten it out, it may give him sore trouble later on."

The New York Post expressed itself as follows: "The rebuke with which his resignation was accepted by the President, Mr. McNab invited and deserved. His was not the course of a discreet and zealous district attorney." * * "There is a certain adroitness in Mr. Wilson's approval of the Attorney General's procedure—coupled with the statement that it is now to be entirely changed—but more important than saving Mr. McReynolds's face is the fact that the whole situation, threatening a scandal, has been saved. The President grasped the nettle."

Later the Springfield Republican remarked that Mr. McNab "had his opportunity and he rose to it." To this was added: "It is ungracious and unfair to asperse his

motives. But the tone of his last statement in reply to the president's acceptance of his resignation furnishes some reason to cynical-minded persons for thinking that he is not only bent on doing the administration all possible damage, but is actuated in some degree by partisan malevolence. Possibly his direct insinuations that the attorney-general was consciously responsive to corrupt influences in what he did are due to the California atmosphere. There has been much corruption in that state, and the vocabulary of discussion of public affairs is characteristically violent and hysterical. It is the ordinary thing, when a Californian disapproves of another in politics, to charge one with being the tool of grafters or a downright thief. This condition is the natural product of a generation of government by the Southern Pacific railroad."

In all soberness what ought to be the attitude in California now as to this matter?

This it seems to the present writer: That good and well-meaning men have blundered all along the line. Mr. Caminetti blundered in letting his father-heart lead him to ask delay or allow it to be asked. The Attorney-General and Mr. Wilson, who is at the head of the Department of Labor, blundered in that they did not foresee that the feeling in California would not brook delay. Mr. McNab blundered in that he did not at the last, before handing in his resignation, inform the Attorney-General more particularly.

Say all that can be said as to certain attempts on the part of California people to thwart justice in this or the other cases, we see no good reason for thinking that justice would have been thwarted by delay for a short time.

If Dr. Aked were not deep in the Sierras we should ask him to present in the columns of The Pacific reasons for his remarkable utterance. He, no doubt, has them. But from the same facts the writer hereof draws a different conclusion. So also do men and women all over the country.

POMONA COLLEGE HISTORICAL PAGEANT.

'All hail to our Pomona!
To thee we sing praise;
To thee we now give homage,
To thee our hopes we raise."

According to all accounts the Pomona College Historical Pageant was of wonderful beauty and remarkable impressiveness. It was given in the new open air Greek Theater on the college grounds at Claremont on the 17th of June in honor of the 25th anniversary of the founding of the college.

It was a dramatic presentation of the history of the valley and the college, and required for its rendering four hundred performers. The ground traversed historically covered early Indian and Spanish life thereabouts and events in the history of the college.

The prologue which we quote in part will give some intimation of that which greeted the eyes and ears of the 4000 persons in attendance:

"List ye, our friends, and learn what may be done
When lofty purpose soweth true her seed;
When favored by the smile of nature's God,
A people resolute bends to a task
Whose end is all to give, naught to receive.
Heed well the lesson that we now shall teach,
But which to you in sooth sounds no strange note:
The lesson of the progress of a race

Whose firm foundation is the fear of God,
 Whose soul is tuned to the uplift of man.
 Hear how endeavor, fortified by faith,
 At last its ripened fruitage yields today;
 How sacrifice in service, high is crowned;
 How great from small, and small from well-nigh naught,
 Is possible to him who toils for truth;
 How tamed a desert one small group of men
 Who built not for the day their struggles saw,
 But grasped within their vision's scope an age.
 Hear how the voice from out the lordly hills
 Great hearts inspired to carve an empire here;
 How harnessed first, to fresh the deadened sands,
 The liquid courses welling from the mounts,
 The genius of the soil; and consequent,
 How rose as by a touch from wizard wand,
 The piles, in part, today, we consecrate.

In the scene depicting the development of the citrus industry four discouraged, pessimistic, men are first on the stage. Then comes the seer who says:

Oh, yes,—I know,—I see the things you see;
 I feel the loss of gold and know full well
 The rough, forbidding wastes of rock and sand
 That seem like barriers placed on purpose here
 To call a stop to progress and kill out
 Ambition's spark or hush the pulse of faith.
 Yet faith within the breast of man beats strong
 And I foresee the time when from yon mountains
 Obedient to the will of man shall hasten
 Streams of living water which, uniting
 With the warm life-giving sunshine, shall
 Transform the desert region to a land
 Where orange groves shall make the air of spring
 Heavy with incense and bring a golden harvest,
 Rich reward for labor and for toil.
 Here, too, shall spring a race of stalwart men
 Whose lot shall be to make of this dull sage-
 And cactus-covered earth a place for homes
 Unmatched in all the history of the world—
 Master men, whose pride shall be their toil
 And whose reward shall be their faith made real
 In culture, beauty, wealth and those choice things
 Wherein lies richest store of life's rewards."

Following this there enter symbolic dancing groups representing the desert, the water and the sunshine. During the movement of the dance the latter combining with the desert spirits transform them to orange maidens.

We wonder whether in the foregoing there is reference to Dr. Cyrus G. Baldwin, the first president of the college, who was one of the first to transmit an electric current over a long distance and who was the moving force in the development of power in a near by canyon.

In the scene representing the founding of the college several persons participated who had part in the foundation services twenty-five years ago. Professor E. C. Norton introduced the Rev. Dr. J. H. Harwood who spoke as well as he could remember just as he had spoken twenty-five years ago. Prof. C. B. Sumner did likewise saying in part:

"While we congratulate ourselves today in this modest token of the labors of our constituency, and its promise for the future, we also have occasion for deep and quiet satisfaction, even for a feeling of reverence and awe in the fact that this unpretentious opening of a College links us inseparably with some of the greatest and noblest men in our nation's history in high and honorable achievements. Here,

truly, is in embryo the outcome of a grand purpose conceived and executed under Divine guidance with a faith, a vigor and a persistence most commendable. At the same time it is the perfect expression of the passion for Christian Education inherited from our fathers of many generations—verily, brought over in the Mayflower and planted on the bleak and rocky shores of Old Plymouth.

"This it was, that under God, led to the founding of a College of learning, dedicated to Christ and the Church, at Cambridge, one of the very first institutions in this new country.

"This same passion prompted the building up of Yale College, whose motto is *Lux et Veritas*, which for two hundred years has been sending out the light of truth and righteousness all over this country and the wide world. In the anti-slavery days, this same passion sought to place learning and labor on an equality by the organization of Oberlin College. Also, this passion through Knox College reiterated the emphasis on veritas; through Beloit associated true science with pure faith, through Drury stood for Christ and a liberal education and through Whitman proclaimed loyalty to Christ and our native land.

"Thus, through a period of three hundred years and over three thousand miles of territory has this passion for Christian education been extending this line of institutions, most potent and effective in building up Christian character, and acting as bulwarks against aggression of every kind inimical to peace, prosperity and well being."

A scene depicting the Greater Pomona celebrated the dedication of several of the buildings. In the look toward the future Ellen Beach Yaw appeared as the "Spirit of California," accompanied by a group of dancing poppy maidens, singing,

"The lark has told in fields of gold
 His lay, a joyous song,
 On balmy air its echoes rare
 The gladsome strains prolong.

"And while they ring
 In cadence true,
 I fain would sing
 To welcome you."

In a concluding scene the Spirit of Pomona appeared with the symbolic attendants of the early vision, and as the Spirit of California advanced to greet her a chorus broke out in a song of greeting:

"All hail to our Pomona!
 To thee we sing praise,
 To thee we now give homage,
 To thee our hopes we raise.

"All hail to our Pomona!
 New era hath begun.
 Our hopes in thee fulfilled;
 Our pride in years to come.

"Strength of the mountains, breath of the valley;
 Gladly we hail thee, Spirit sublime;
 Ever thy glory, broadened and brightened,
 Lighting our pathway, conquering Time.

* * * *

"Rich is thy promise;
 Sure thy fulfillment;
 Fast we pursue thee,
 Vision divine."

Given as this beautiful and impressive pageant was "With the fervor of youth, in the fullness of the joy of living, in commemoration of the past, in the hope of the future, with good will toward all, and with a feeling of gratitude and a spirit of reverence for Him who for twenty-five years has looked down with favor upon Pomona College and Claremont," the present writer wishes that he had been one to witness it. At a distance he endeavors to catch a little of its spirit and inspiration and in the interest of that education and culture which Pomona College desires to give pass it on to the readers of *The Pacific*.

With those who sang on that glad day in June *The Pacific* would take its stand and sing:

"All hail to our Pomona!
New era hath begun.
Our hopes in thee fulfilled;
Our pride in years to come!"

FACE TO THE SUNRISING.

George B. Hatch.

(A sermon given in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley on Sunday, June 15th.)

"For we saw his star in the East and are come to worship him."—Matthew 2:2.

The spiritual East, the place of the sunrising, is the place to watch for true portents of things to come. If it is night, they who are "wise men of the East" will see the Star of the Newcomer, when the set time of its rising is fulfilled, and will fare forth to find Him, as the Star may lead them. If the night draws toward the dawn, and "out of the shadows of night the world rolls toward the light," they whose faces are toward the sunrising will catch the first faint gleams of the approaching morning, their souls will be fed with the bread of hope, and their hearts made glad with the wine of optimism. And so, whether it be yet deep night, as it was when the Magi watched, or far toward the dawn, as we think it is in the present time, they who face toward the spiritual East are sure to be people of ideality, of hope, of confident heart,—always foreseeing the approach of better things, always the first to welcome the actual advent of the anticipated King.

"While we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen," writes the Apostle in this same vein. The things that are seen, the present and existing conditions of earthly living, are never permanent. While we look those conditions are already changing, and immediately that which was, no longer is; nevertheless, we shall be unconscious of the change, and shall think we are still seeing things as they are instead of as they were,—unless we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are unseen. For example: a certain distinguished university president recently said, if correctly quoted: "The philosophy of today is that man has no rights which others are bound to respect if he cannot defend them by his own might or his own craft. Let the strong use their strength for their own gain. Let them be capable both of frost and of fire in the breath of their desire; let them have more brute courage, more scorn for the weakness of others, more reliance upon self and a firmer belief in the call of a self-realizing destiny. Life is a game; human pieces are on the board; we must move to our advantage, and shall we not sacrifice a pawn to capture a castle or to checkmate the king?"

This, says the university president, is the philosophy of today. "No," says the *Boston Globe*, "this was the philosophy of yesterday"; and the *Globe* is right. The philosophy of today, continues the *Globe*, is the very philosophy which the president advocates ardently, and desires to see in vogue—that we are under a higher compulsion than the will to live, namely, the will to serve, and is a philosophy happily shared by millions of our fellow-citizens "who feel irresistibly constrained to dedicate themselves to the cause of their brothers in need and extremity." And the *Globe* is right. The university president has apparently been looking away from the sunrising, and looking at the things that are seen as they lie dark under his own shadow. While he has been looking, those things have changed without his discerning, that they have changed; for the things that are seen are always being subtly transformed—putting off the old, putting on the new. The philosophy of the selfish will therefore, which the university president describes as the philosophy prevailing everywhere today, has already become a thing of the past, as they who watch for the morning already known; and the philosophy actually prevailing influentially today is, as the *Globe* says, the philosophy of the unselfish will, the philosophy just recently being preached as a thing unseen, a great ideal, but now, today, already an operating reality everywhere.

This perhaps illustrates why we must watch for the morning, gazing toward the things not seen, rather than standing with our backs to the sunrising, looking at the things that are seen as they lie under our own shadow. When Jesus was born, only a few knew that He had come. Nearly the whole world had its back to the East, and the sunrise cast the shadow of the world back upon itself, and because the world lay thus in the darkness and shadow of itself, they did not perceive that a change in world affairs had occurred. The Wise Men of the East, however, perceived that yesterday had gone and that today had arrived—that "the Comer" had come. Looking out toward the things not seen, they saw when his Star at last appeared, announcing a supreme change in the things that are seen, because "the Comer" had arrived. They therefore set forth to find Him and to worship Him, hailing the new order which they perceived was already inaugurated. But the age still went on, dull and unaware, deeming that the old order was still operative, the old king still upon the throne, the former philosophy still in vogue. How mistaken that age was we know now—for the former things had passed away, God had made all things new, a fresh day in the Divine calendar had begun under their very eyes, while they were looking, and they did not know it! Jesus had come, and the huge majority kept right on looking for and prophesying His coming! He had come, and only a few were aware that the world was new—the few who looked for and therefore saw His Star in the East, for they alone could truly read the signs of the times.

To read the signs of the times correctly, to know what is really going on, is difficult always, yet happy are they who do not find it impossible. Many people do find it impossible. They are not aware that yesterday has gone and that today is here. Because things are not being said as they used to be said, or done as they used to be done, they think the devil is abroad, whereas it is God who has wrought the change, and they do not know it. The Pharisees accused Jesus of having a devil! and of being mad! Doubtless they were sincere in their accusation, yet, how

mistaken they were—mistaken because their backs were turned toward the sunrise, instead of their faces. Jesus did not talk the customary religious lingo, did not walk the beaten and consecrated track, spoke about destroying the temple, said that neither in Gerizim nor yet in Jerusalem is the place where men must worship, proclaimed kindness as the ripeness and essential element of righteousness, healed cripples on the Sabbath, ate with publicans and sinners, paid no attention to the sacred and ceremonious washing of the outside of the cup and the platter; and they, not recognizing these as signs and proofs of a new day in God's calendar, but imagining that God had no other ways than their ways, said of Jesus, "He hath a devil and is mad!" And there are people today who seem to be just as unable as the Pharisees were in Jesus' day, to read correctly the signs of the times, and to appreciate that some of the very things which they deplore and condemn are really the choice and ripe fruitages of earlier seedtimes, the divine fulfilments of ancient prophecy and desire.

It may sound poetical and mystical, this suggestion of keeping our faces toward the spiritual sunrise, but it is really the most practical of practical things, because it is religious. After all, it is your so-called "mystical" man who is surest to be right and aware and sane. The Wise Men of the East were "mystics" of the first water. They used to sit up nights—nights when practical people were roistering, or were sleeping, or were scheming—they used to sit up nights, gazing at things not seen, watching for a mystic star to appear in a spiritual sky, that they might not miss knowing when the King should be born. "Stargazers" they were—the kind whom the average run of mankind are apt to scorn—yet, they were the very ones of all who knew what was really going on, and had they been given the leading of the world just then, they would have led it straight and direct to the precisely right place. And their sort of "mysticism"—the "mysticism" of St. Paul, "looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," having an utter confidence in God and in the ways of God, never doubting that God is on the job, working out his ultimate designs amid the flux and whirl of existing happenings—their sort of "mysticism" is a well-rewarding sort, for the reward of it is a temper of buoyant optimism, a hope, sweet and serene, which looks clear-eyed, calm-browed, on the things that are seen; and best of all a knowledge of where to find the King: "We have seen his Star in the East, and are come to worship Him!"

Take this one matter of optimism, for example.

Optimism, rightly defined, is a conviction in the soul that God is not only on the throne but also on the field, that He knows what He is about, that He has more than one arrow in His quiver, that His mills do not grind backward, that His purposes are wide and deep and long, that He loves and cares for not only abstract principles but also individual men and women and children, and therefore that all things have always worked and are now working for good to them that love Him. This optimism, I say, is a conviction in the soul—something that abides within one's innermost being, day in and day out, through storm and calm, wreck and rebuilding, a treasure of the heart which no moth can gnaw, no thief can steal, no panic can diminish.

This optimism is necessary to personal happiness and usefulness. He who has it not deems that things are not

as they should be; thinks that all our human affairs are out of joint, and hastening to decay; imagines that this outward whirl and distemper of the day indicate a universal apostasy from God and the right; believes that automobiles are subversive of the Church, and that Sunday newspapers are mightier than the Spirit of God; doesn't know what we are coming to, but opines that we are coming to something immensely and irretrievably bad, and that heaven is going to be a very empty and lonesome locality. Without the genuine optimism, that is to say, no man can tell what is really going on, and will always mistake the philosophy of yesterday for that of today, will always think the tides are on the ebb when in fact they are on the flood, coming in fresh and full from the deep and open sea.

The reason why we need this optimism is because God's ways are not our ways. Our way is to deal either with sin, or else with sinners, either of which is simple and direct and quick; whereas, God's way is to deal with sin in connection with sinners, which is complex, slow, indirect, requiring a thousand years to effect what we want brought to pass at once.

It would be a perfectly easy and straightaway proceeding to destroy sin by destroying those who sin; but to destroy sin and yet to save those who sin—that is God's way and God's problem—a task calculated to tax to the utmost the wisdom, the patience, and the mercy of God, as the story of the human race witnesses. God intends to destroy sin. There is no doubt about that. Certain of the allegorical parables of Jesus leave no doubt about it, as, for instance, in the parable of the Virgins, where the door is shut and cannot be opened; and in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, where there is a great gulf fixed so that there can be no passing forth and back between Abraham's bosom and the place where Dives is in torment. But God intends also to save the sinner—every sinner, black, white, gray, green, yellow, piebald—so far as possible. Certain of the direct parables of Jesus prove this, as, for instance, where the shepherd goes after the sheep that is lost, and where the Father takes the returning younger son to his heart and tries unsuccessfully to do the same with the elder son, who is angry because the younger has been welcomed home. In the allegorical parables the door is shut against the foolish virgins because they represent a phase of sin—the sin of indifference; and Dives is shown as being in torment because he is an allegorical figure, representing the sin of heartlessness towards one's fellow-men. The virgins and Dives, that is to say, are not people, but are sins in allegory; and the parables, where they appear, teach God's ways in relation to sin. But in the parable of the Father, the younger and the elder sons are people—sinful people—and the parable shows God's way with sinners, against whom no door is ever shut, for whom the way of return to the Father's house and heart is always open. But to shut the door against sin, while leaving it always open for any sinner who at any time will repent, why, that, you see, is history! That is God's unvarying way! That produces in human affairs the strange complexity, and confusion and slowness of improvement and apparently ominous threatfulness which existing conditions always exhibit, and which, to the pessimist, seem always so alarming.

The real reason, that is to say, why the things that are seen are as they are and not as the idealist thinks they

ought to be, is because God is busy saving sinners as well as shutting the door against sin; and things are as they are in any given time (now, for example), because God can save sinners more extensively by letting things go as they are going than by checking them up or turning them back or ordering them suddenly and straitly into any other situation. The Christian optimist is aware in his soul that this is really so. He is one who actually believes in God. He really feels that God is well aware of what He is doing and of what is best to do. He is perfectly sure in his innermost self that things in the large are now going in the very best possible way to the result of redeeming the world from iniquity, and purifying unto God a people of his own possession, zealous of good works. And he needs this optimism, for without it he will take little comfort in the existing situation, and will probably misjudge and discount the times and conditions in which he lives.

As a matter of fact, the existing situation always seems discouraging, and particularly so whenever a readjustment of thought and an advance in the manner of living is taking place. This is our situation now. Readjustments of thought, involving the very foundations and pillars of knowledge, have been in progress for a generation, while advances in the manner and ideal of living, involving rich and poor alike, are the outstanding characteristics of the times and situation. Such readjustments and advances are always upheavals, destructions, conflicts, pains, uncertainties, and those who belong to and love the exist-old order are inevitable sufferers to the extent that they lack Christian optimism. When Jerusalem went down in fire and blood, how must the loyal Jew have suffered in his soul, thinking that the day of doom for all the good that was in earth had come; yet, the destruction of Jerusalem, like the destruction of Rome later on, like the capture of Byzantium by the Turk, like the Great Protestant Reformation, like every other catastrophe to the old order, was not the destruction, but the liberation of good—not the blotting out, but the unveiling of truth. God was at work according to his unvarying way of mercilessness toward sin and of mercy toward the sinner, and out of the ashes of the temple rose the fairer walls and columns of the Christian Church. It was always so. It is so now. Vast readjustments are in process, long advances in the manner and ideal of life are being made; God is shutting the door against former sin while holding it widely open to every repenting sinner; and this combination of destruction and mercy, of change and changelessness, is what makes the times confusing and bewildering, except to the Christian optimist.

That God is and has been shutting the door against sin is a fact to be noted. The sin of human slavery, for instance: you know how God shut that out into the outer darkness and the place of torment where the great gulf is fixed against its return! Never shall that sin return to plague human living again. The door is shut against it. The great gulf cannot be repassed by it. Other sin is now in the process of being driven out—the sin of unbrotherliness, the sin of the selfish will, for instance; also the sin against children, that they should not be brought into existence, laden with evil heredity; and other sin. Do we not see that this is so, that sin is actually being driven out? It certainly is so. Thirty years ago in Har-

vard and Yale a student could indulge in a good deal of vice and still have good standing with his fellow-students, but he can't do that today. There are certain things that "gentlemen don't do" nowadays—and never will do again. And the sin of the selfish will, which that university president thinks is the sin of today—that, as the Globe says, is already the sin of yesterday—and life is now being readjusted to the principle of the unselfish will, the principle of service and brotherliness. These really are great and wonderful days in which we are living—days in which vast transformations are occurring, such as prophets have prayed for, and such as are for the good of every lover of God. Christian optimism knows that this **must** be so, because of God: and, looking at the total situation, can see that it is actually so, as a matter of fact.

He who builds his house toward the sunrising will be a Christian optimist. Always there is a new day brooding in the spiritual East—a new King about to come to sovereignty in the earth. God's purposes are without haste, and they are also without rest; his mill-wheels never stop; a new and better order is always in process of coming. Those who desire things to return as they were, or to remain as they are, know little of the ways of God, for with God the things that are seen are only temporary, the present situation in the earth is only a phase of progress and growth soon to pass. Always, "the Comer" is about to come—the new day is getting ready to dawn. And they who live out toward the sunrising, who lift up their hearts without reserve to God, waiting only upon Him, always know what is going on, and are full of anticipative hope; and always are the first, as were the Wise Men of the East, to find the new-born King, that they may worship Him.

MUSIC TOUCH AND THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

William Norris Burr.

"Let's take the train for the city after awhile and go to the Benefit Concert at the Auditorium this afternoon," said Harry Pratt one Sunday morning to his friend, Jack Morse. "You and your wife go as my guests."

"Thank you most heartily," replied Morse, "but I hardly think we can go today. You'll pardon us, won't you, old fellow, if we don't go with you."

"Better come on," urged Pratt. "They're bringing on some mighty fine talent at these Sunday afternoon concerts, and today's program is the best yet. Here, look it over, will you?"

"It is certainly enticing," said Morse, glancing rapidly over the program in the morning paper.

"Better take it in with me," persisted Pratt.

"Not today, Harry. Wife and I feel that we can't afford to miss the uplift of our church service—"

"You don't mean to say that you enjoy a stupid church service more than a first-class concert like this," broke in Pratt. "If it's 'uplift' you're after it's the concert that carries that line of goods."

"You're right, Harry," responded Morse, pleasantly, "and no two mortals on earth crave the privilege of listening to the best music more than Mrs. Morse and I do; but there is uplift of a still finer grade—a sense of the presence of God—that we shall enjoy at the church service that we would

be missing on the train, and in the midst of Sunday revellings, and even at the concert. Can't explain it to you, old chap, but I wish you could feel it as we do." Don't you folks sing a hymn that has this line in it,

'God is present everywhere?'

smiled Pratt.

"If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere,'"

prompted Morse. "But, Harry, he continued, "the immanence of God does not give men license to drift about among the comparatively shallow places on life's ocean ignoring any obligation to take deep-sea soundings. 'The good is the enemy of the best; you know.'"

"All right, Jack," rejoined Pratt. "I respect your loyalty to the 'best,' as you estimate things; but your 'good' is my 'best,' and I don't think I can afford to miss that concert;" and he went to his room to prepare for his trip to the city.

When he returned at night he was bubbling over with praise of the entertainment.

"I've heard nothing like it for many a day!" he exclaimed. "The 'Peer Gynt' selections were ravishing, the 'Morning' number, with its early-bird twitterings appealing mightily to a man's better nature. And Madame Goldmark's rendering of Chopin's 'Twelfth Nocturne'—it touched something in me that is akin to tears.

'A mist o'er a cold sea sweeping,
A whisper of wind and rain,
Yet ever repressed—in keeping
With the theme of the slow refrain;

A theme of sad thoughts unspoken,
Of flowers in their bloomtime crushed,
Then unison deep but broken,
Morendo—and all is hushed.

So the master unfolds his message,
His yearning for things above;
Though dim with a fateful presage,
The dominant chord is love.'

That's the way that 'Nocturne' once spoke to some sympathetic poet, and I felt the full sweep of it today as I never have before. I wish you could have enjoyed it with me, Jack."

Later, Jack Morse sat in his room thinking it all over; and his thought ran something like this:

"God help me to keep my life open to the best things—'best' according to the Divine estimate; and help me, too, to be charitable, but not too charitable, when I run up against such a fellow as Harry Pratt. I have my convictions; I am sure that I kept myself in the way of God's will when I decided for the church service today instead of the ride into the city just at church time, and all the distractions of a Sunday with pleasure-seekers. Still, I realize that there is both a bigoted and a Christlike way of asserting one's religious convictions, and I want to be truly Christ-like in all my dealings with myself and with others. A man who is Christ-led must, of necessity, be obliged to stand his ground sometimes against the leadings of his friends. I wonder if it is not to just such cases that we must apply the Master's words: 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that

doth not take his cross and follow after me, is not worthy of me." A man who is Christ-led, however, will not be narrow in his sympathies nor Pharisaical in his assertions. He'll be lovingly firm in meeting the invitations of his drifting friends. Harry's finer nature was touched today, surely; but it was music's touch, not the healing, soul-satisfying touch of the Master."

Pomona Cal.

GREETINGS FROM DIXIE LAND.

President E. Lyman Hood.

The Southeast is the oldest portion of America. It was the first to be discovered and explored. Old settlers were living in St. Augustine when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the Rock. But, although the oldest, it is in many respects the youngest. If we except the newly received states, New Mexico and Arizona, conditions here are more primitive, cruder, than in any other portion of the United States. Because of arrested development, the frontier is here; the Southeast is missionary ground today.

So long dormant, in a sort of Rip Van Winkle slumber, the Old South is awakening out of sleep. The region is coming rapidly to self-consciousness. Mighty changes are taking place, socially, politically, religiously. The ancient aristocracy was a landed gentry. They ruled absolutely their broad acres and the subject peoples about them. It was a feudalism, pure and simple, before the great war. That regime has gone never to return. The passing of it aroused violent protest in places. A new order has come to the South. The captain of industry, is now in the saddle. It is no less than a social revolution; and, unspeakably thankful should we be, it has been brought about peacefully.

Politically, the old parties are breaking up. The Democratic party is still supreme; and, withal, more and more conscious of the great responsibility thrust upon it. For the Democrats control Congress, and, furthermore, the Southern Democrats control the party. It is a new experience certainly for the South to find itself in undisputed power and receiving the chief prizes at the hands of a victorious administration. No other portion of the Union has been more loyal to home interests or exploited more sincerely the rights of the States. It now remains to be proved how wisely the South will legislate in National affairs.

Industrially, the old South undoubtedly manifests at the present time the most momentous changes. Heretofore, the region has been almost wholly given to agriculture. Farming has been wasteful to a degree known nowhere else. The soil has been impoverished, and the people enslaved by clinging to one money crop. Cotton, it is true, has been king; but he has been a monarch that has ruled imperiously to the destruction of many in the South. A new era has come, crops are being diversified, the soil conserved, the people instructed. Country life is again becoming attractive.

Generation after generation almost no factories existed in the South. All through the years, an incredibly enormous tribute has been paid annually to the inventive genius of the North. Train load has followed train load, as a matter of course, bearing the manufactured goods of New England especially to the plantations of the Southland. The vast natural resources of the Southern States lay undisturb-

ed in their beds. Coal, iron, stone for the upbuilding of a continent remained as creation left them. Nowadays, shops and factories are rising as if by magic on every hand.

These things have set in motion human currents, which have been unknown before. A strictly agricultural people, the city did not grow or prosper as in the North and West. To this day, the South has only one city, that would be called large elsewhere. But, with the opening of the mine, the construction of the railway, the harnessing of waterpower, the village soon grows into the town, the town into the city. In past decades, many people have been almost as much affixed to the soil as the trees; now, society is in unstable equilibrium, everybody is on the go. Thus the country districts are changing, the cities are rebuilding, old methods are outworn, a new spirit pervades the thoughts and deeds of men.

If the above social, political and industrial features be true to fact, they indicate how vital and persistent are the questions pertaining to the spiritual interests of the people. A million a year from Southern Europe, almost wholly Roman Catholics, are pouring into the Northern States. The South has very few foreigners. Nine millions of the Black Race dwell here, but the proportion is steadily decreasing. In the past ten years, whereas the White race has increased twenty four per cent, the Negro has grown only ten.

The North, notwithstanding, has given through many years an overwhelming proportion of its benevolence to the Negro. Last year, for instance, the American Missionary Association spent \$371,356, in the churches and schools for the Negro; and only \$53,013 upon all its White work. In the face of these facts, the Negro is going North to dwell as never before; and, on the other hand, Northern people, not foreigners, not Negroes, not Roman Catholics, are coming South to a degree the country has never known.

Congregationalism never had larger opportunity than at present, nor problems more pressing. A larger chaity prevails, and yet competition between the denominations is becoming more intense. We have a sufficient number of churches, we need more Christianity. If Congregationalism meets the issue, it will be by greater co-hesion and more adhesion. As a denomination, so potent are we in initiative, it is easier for us to start churches and schools than to maintain them. Our graveyard is full. The proverbial "rope-of-sand" polity is responsible for the astounding mortality. The question of the hour before our coming National Council is to evolve some plan or polity by which our churches may retain their independency, and yet co-operate in a unity, denominationally, that is practical and efficient.

The national meeting of our churches in Kansas City, so near at hand, should engage our best thought. Too long, we have been lounging around Plymouth Rock, the Blarney stone of Congregationalism, with our hands in our pockets, in a brown study over the glories of our inheritance. In the meanwhile, other communions, formerly very much weaker than our own numerically, intellectually, spiritually, have achieved a larger usefulness and influence. Last year, for instance, Congregationalism in the entire United States made a net gain of only fifteen churches. In old New England, there is now a new New England. No one, who has not visited recently the land of the Pilgrims, can realize the degree to which the "old families" have gone West and

South. And among those who have remained, the marriage rate has fallen to a point the world has never known; and the birth rate has kept pace with it. No longer embracing one third of our national population, we number at present only about one fiftieth.

The one word, therefore, to describe the South of today, as the North, is change. But, there is comfort in it after all. The Good Book says, "Behold, I make all things New." Life means growth; and growth means change. Dead things neither grow nor change. Theologically, not for a hundred years have we been more at peace with ourselves and the world. Our belief in the cardinal doctrines of salvation is persistent and unshaken. The question before us and the National Council is not then one of faith but of polity. The latter has been sadly discredited. Our church-government, in local affairs, has worked fairly well; but, in its application to national and world-wide propagandism its weakness has become self-evident. From the absolute independence of religious democracy to the complacent ecclesiasticism of papal autocracy is a long, long road. But, however long, there must be somewhere a halfway point, a golden mean.

The writer was permitted recently to attend for ten days the annual assemblies of three of the great sister denominations in the Presbyterian family. Atlanta, a city of two hundred thousand people, was perceptibly moved by the daily sessions given to a prayerful consideration of the Lord's work in this and other lands. The discussions had a remarkably familiar ring to them; for their problems are very similar indeed to those confronting the churches of the Pilgrim Faith. How to conserve properly the worth of the old, and yet meet forcefully and confidently the issues of today, was the burden of address and supplication. Unlike ourselves, the Presbyterians, theoretically at least, presume to control absolutely the agencies established to administer the benevolences of the churches. Congregationalism, on the other hand, presents the strange spectacle of seeking to bring the missionary societies into harmonious relations with the denomination, which created them. That independence of the churches may have had reason in it in the past; the time has come, however, when the national missionary societies should not work independently of each other—and should bring themselves into the closest possible relations with the churches, which support them. The hour calls for an irenic, sympathetic spirit.

Atlanta Theological Seminary.

June 17, 1913.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

The After-meeting at the Mariner's Church.

There are some pastors—would to God there were more of such—who honestly desire and endeavor so to preach the Gospel as to lead lost sinners to accept Jesus Christ as their only and Almighty Savior.

They do not make their pulpit services occasions for airing their eloquence, discussing merely ethical themes and questions of general interest of the day, but try to declare the whole counsel of God. They show their unconvinced hearers that they are "by nature, children of wrath, even as the rest," and that there is no possible sal-

vation, except by the "blood of Jesus Christ, cleansing from all sin." Many times they feel that the Spirit is using the word spoken, and that some of their hearers are giving honest heed to it, and but for former vain hopes, they would expect to see some turning to the Lord. But when they call on these persons on Monday they find that one night has served to dissipate these impressions, and the people are just as little inclined to accept Christ as they were before. And so the occasions multiply, the weeks and years roll on, and these needy sinners are not saved. They pray earnestly and grieve at their lack of success, and look for some great evangelist to come and do the work which they mourn because they cannot do. Such pastors have said to me, "Brother Rowell, I would give anything in the world if I could have among my people such a work as you have in the Mariners' Church." And my reply has been, "I know of no reason in the world why you may not. You need to 'strike while the iron is hot.'" This is a matter of first importance. The large and unexampled (in San Francisco) success of this church in winning souls to Christ is due to this bit of wisdom more than to any other cause. All successful evangelists conduct their work in this way, making strenuous effort for immediate results, and many successful pastors use like methods and have no need to send for professional evangelists to gather their harvests. The difficult question for earnest pastors is how to work so as to secure the desired results.

Perhaps the experience of our Mariners' Church may be of some use to such pastors.

When the new Seamen's Chaplain proposed to organize a church, Brother Lacey said, "Don't do it. Get your men converted and bring them up to our churches and we will take care of you." But the Chaplain felt that in order to do the best work he must have a church. So the Mariner's Church was organized with six members from three denominations. Its motto from the first was, "By all means save some." But the usual difficulty was found. Sinners were awakened, but soon lost their impressions, and so the work had to be done over and over again. Noticing that all successful evangelists put their most successful work into their after meetings, the Chaplain saw that some such meeting must be used in order to attain the best success, so studied, experimented and prayed until the Spirit showed him the best practicable way.

Months of disappointing experiment at last led to what proved God's chosen way. The morning sermons were addressed to Christians, and aimed to bring them closer to Christ and inspire them with the working temper of the Master, while the evening discourses were planned and used for leading sinners to the Lamb of God. The plan settled on was this. At the close of the evening sermon, instead of pronouncing the benediction, the word was given, "We will now have a service of song." The organist (a cabinet organ in front of the pulpit) had already selected a number of suitable hymns to fill a half-hour with continuous singing, and a small band of singers gathered at once and began their appointed work. This plan prevented a break in the meeting, and so kept the people from leaving. Then three or four experienced Christian workers (during these years, some of such had united with the church) went into the pews for personal labor. The plan was to speak to every person in the house not known to be a Christian. Those unawakened were passed by with a word or two, but when one was found desiring salvation strenuous

effort was made to lead him to an immediate decision for Christ. It was a common thing to see two or three couples kneeling in different pews, calling on God for the pardon of sin, regardless of spectators or what others might be doing. At nine o'clock, no matter what might be going on, the benediction was pronounced and the people filed out, but often the workers and those labored with remained for an hour or so till final decisions were reached. By this way of working a great number of souls were saved. In the forty-eight years before the earthquake, more than fifty-eight hundred individuals professed faith in Christ, in the field of the Mariners' Church, and this result was largely due to our after-meeting.

Of course no two churches are alike or can profitably use just the same methods, but I am sure that any church whose pastor and members make it their business to win souls to Christ, will not fail of seeing blessed fruit in the conversion of many souls.

A long time ago a preacher, widely noted for his eloquence, said to me (and I can never forget the sad tone in which he said it): "I have sometimes regretted that I ever tried to be a great man." I had no words of comfort for him, but I thought as I often think, how much better than fame is God's smile on soul-winning. For many thousands of years Sirius and Aldebaran have been shining with undiminished brightness, and Gabriel said to Daniel, "They who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, forever and ever." Oh, that all our preachers may so shine.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS

ALOHA.



Centennial of Henry Ward Beecher's Birthday.

Tomorrow, June 24th, will be the hundredth anniversary of this wonderful orator's birth. Dr. Abbott, in the Outlook, gives him place as the first American preacher. Doctor Newell Dwight Hillis and General Horatio King spoke on Saturday at a celebration in Litchfield, Conn., in Mr. Beecher's honor.

Doctor Lyman Beecher, Henry Ward's father had a remarkable pastorate there. I am reminded as I write here by Long Island Sound that Lyman Beecher also had a pastorate on this Island. A country parishioner calling on him found him rejoicing in a new and bright rag carpet for his study floor. "Doctor," said he, "Do you really think you can have this and heaven too?" I never knew the Doctor's answer. But when he heard his son Henry praised he had his answer ready "You would not have had him without me." My heart gives Mr. Beecher the very first place as a speaker and preacher. On two or three great occasions President Finney soared above any other speakers and at these times was superlatively dramatic. Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Geo. William Curtis, John B. Gough, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, what delightful and moving hours these names recall. It was worth my last journey to Chicago to hear Macdonald of Toronto speak for Christian Union at the Church Federation Convention. Never but once did I ever hear Mr. Beecher when he did not flame. Time and again have I looked at Plymouth Church Clock and wished I could stop it. Nor was my feeling changed as the time for the morning service ran on nearly to one o'clock. I forgot to be hungry as the impassioned speaker called the clock

"that old enemy of mine." I felt "amen." My father preacher in my college days was a gifted man and I went loyally to church with the family one. Then I managed to get over to Brooklyn and that whole vacation became a regular patron of the "Beecher Boats" which were the titles of the Brooklyn Ferry Boats about the time Plymouth Bells were ringing. What the lion-like yet winsome orator said throbbed in my boy-heart until another vacation came and I was re-energized. I quote as my own feeling Lyman Abbott's praise: "It is my sober judgment that Mr Beecher was quite the greatest orator I ever heard." He calls Gladstone more persuasive. I am inclined to yield this for I heard Gladstone make an appeal to parliament for magnanimous treatment of his rival Disraeli when he was away negotiating the treaty of Berlin which changed men's hearts and carried a noble vote on the spot.

John B. Gough who spoke on temperance in London a hundred consecutive nights and always to a full house was more dramatic. Wendell Phillips was sharper, keener. Geo. William Curtis was more polished. I have heard all these. Daniel Webster, Dr. Abbott say was weightier. I can remember his roar as I put my eager little boy head past the thighs of men crowding to hear the great expounder of the constitution in Noble's Garden on Broadway. But that man of grand physique, with voice like a silver trumpet, with a heart to feel for every man of every color and of every clime combined in a most remarkable degree all the qualities which make up a true orator. The pulpit stairs were not hard if I were late for a seat. If mine were the last seat by the door I aided my ears by my hands when the feeling of the kindling orator led the music of his voice to the lower notes.

The Art Of The Orator.

I recall an evening in Plymouth Church which illustrated Mr. Beecher's resourcefulness and tact. He was well under way, warming to his work, when the gas lights failed utterly. He could not see his notes but in calm and hopeful voice he quieted the people bidding them keep their seats, and promising to go right on with his sermon while the sexton should attend to putting water in the meter. When the lights shone again he gave the congregation the most charming bit of praise I ever heard.

Applly sketching the trouble which might have risen had they rushed for the door he said that could only happen among an ignorant and unrestrained people. Brooklyn good manners were at a premium.

Then he wound up his consummate eulogy by bringing his hand with ringing emphasis down upon the pulpit "after all give me self-government." My share in that time of pride is not in the market. My heart beats and my cheeks flush yet after more than four decades. I can hear the sexton in the cellar, and almost hear the heart beats of my fellow worshippers. The clear words of the minister summoning his hearers to their best my pen is not equal to transcribe but I go on, thinking of Brother Nash's dear boys in our Seminary and sure that here and there some partial reader of these acorns may be reminded of old Plymouth and the pastor who was in some sense a pastor of our nation.

One Picture Of The Great Trial.

I am not going to argue for Mr. Beecher's innocence. New England's sweet springs do not run clear for more than six

decades and then run poison. Looking on the marble monument Brooklyn built in front of her city hall, of her greatest citizen, I told a companion passing with me there "modern cities do not build monuments to frauds and criminals." From the moment the sore was opened and Mr. Beecher could speak out fully and freely his troubled face cleared. He had been careful, for said he "think how many hearts would ache."

I was witness of Judge Fullerton's gruelling cross-examination in the Brooklyn Courthouse. One would think the great witness would sit leisurely and with folded arms study each question in its relation to one which might follow. Not so, Mr. Beecher closely faced his questioner, sitting on the edge of his chair and eager for the questions as a great truth-teller. The questions came like giant's baseballs. The answer came like Boston's best. It was as if two marvellous racers changed places on a beaten track, one ahead one minute the other the next. That century hadn't sharper contention. For two hours, Judge, jury, audience and court room were breathless. The prosecuting attorney was not impudent. He was in earnest and his respected witness seemed to yearn to put the whole truth before him that he might see and understand. Finally, red, perspiring, breathless the great prosecutor paused and mopping his rugged face ceased. Mr. Beecher smiled and seemed as fresh as the rose which adorned the lappel of his coat. I saw the rose and the red handkerchief and always shall. I have heard that great lawyers have changed their minds concerning that famous case. I am not arguing. I only witness. I shall never know how much I owe to him who brought me as near to God as the mighty Finney ever did and made Jesus Christ as real, as personal, as sweet as Spurgeon did who poured out his great English heart telling us "He is altogether lovely."

Port Washington L. I., New York.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Richmond.—A reception will be given the new pastor, Rev. O. P. Avery and family, at the church at the corner of 7th avenue and Geary street on next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

San Francisco, Mission.—The pulpit will be occupied the next two Sundays by the Rev. Ben F. Sargent of Grass Valley. Mr. Laughton will supply at Grass Valley and enjoy the mountain air.

Palo Alto.—This summer during July and August Mr. Campbell will supply in San Diego, Long Beach and for an afternoon service in the new Greek Theatre in Claremont. The Baptist and Congregational churches here are worshipping together and Mr. F. E. Morgan will serve both churches while Mr. Campbell is away.

Oakland, First.—The committee to recommend a new pastor is as follows: Mr. Geo. T. Hawley, Mr. C. Z. Merritt, Mr. W. C. Barnard, Mr. Ralph T. Fisher, Mr. F. H. Seeley, Mr. C. E. Keyes, Mr. W. L. Culver, Mrs. A. L. Cunningham, Mrs. H. M. Tenney, Miss Eva Powell, Mr. R. H.

Chamberlain, Miss Sarah Horton and Mr. Charles S. Greene.

Woodland.—The pastor of the church at Woodland is exchanging with the pastor at Murphy for the month. Rev. C. M. Streeter will remain at Murphy and vicinity during August, which is his vacation month, and Rev. Thomas Magill, after serving the Woodland Church for July, will spend August with friends at Seattle, Washington. Both will return to their respective fields the first of September.

Long Beach.—By an error in last week's "Pacific" the names of the donors of the splendid gift of \$25,000 to our new church were given as "Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Bixley." It should have read: "Mr. and Mrs. Jotham Bixby." Mrs. Bixby is one of the oldest Congregationalists in California, a charter member of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, the founder of the Long Beach church and one who has been long a loyal and liberal supporter of Congregationalism. Mr. and Mrs. Bixby have been subscribers to The Pacific ever since its earliest days and are well known to the Congregational constituency of this coast. We are very greatly pleased over the prospect of a new building. We shall begin construction as soon as the plans and specifications are completed.

San Francisco, First.—Twelve persons were welcomed into fellowship Sunday. Dr. Aked has gone to the Kern River country in company with Deacon Boardman and Dr. C. H. Woolsey. Next Sunday Dr. d'Aubigne will supply.—All Souls Sunday-school has been merged with the Hamilton Square Baptist school. It will be remembered that this branch was organized at the time of the union of Plymouth with this Church, as a result of the conviction of a portion of the former membership of Plymouth Church that the religious work formerly carried on in the Plymouth premises ought to be continued with all the energy possible. When, however, it was found that sufficient funds for the construction of our new building could not be secured with-

out a sale of the Plymouth premises, the members of the branch agreed that such sale should be made and the branch wound up when the sale was consummated. The need in San Francisco of at least one great down-town Church seemed controlling. So when the sale of the Plymouth property to the Board of Home Missions of the Reformed Church in the United States was closed, the faculty of All Souls' school arranged this consolidation. With this union came to an end a Sunday school that has met continuously every Sunday since November 12, 1854, and has had an important influence for good upon the community.

WASHINGTON.

Wenatchee.—The Rev. C. S. Osgood has presented his resignation to take effect the first of August. He will supply for Dr. Strong in Queen Ann Church, Seattle, during his trip abroad.

Seattle.—A farewell reception was given last Friday evening to the Rev. C. F. Clarke who leaves this week to enter on the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Santa Rosa, California. Much regret is felt in Seattle over Mr. Clarke's departure from the city and the state where he has served efficiently for many years.

TO CHURCHES NEEDING EVANGELISTIC ASSISTANCE:

F. E. Lindgren will commence a series of three weeks revival services at East Congregational Church of Tacoma, Wash., about Oct. 1st. Mr. Lindgren desires a September date (15 to 30) prior to opening with Tacoma. Mr. Lindgren is secretary of Evangelists' Bureau Association of Chicago. Any church desiring Mr. Lindgren prior to or after Tacoma date please communicate with Rev. A. D. Shaw, Ph.D., 2712 East E St., Tacoma, who will place churches in touch with Mr. Lindgren.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Henry K. Booth, pastor at Long Beach, will spend the month of August in Northern California. The first week he will be at the Y. M. C. A. conference at Guardamas where he is to have a class in Old Testament study. After that he will be in San Francisco.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. D. B. Naylor of Hayward will speak concerning the legislature of 1913. Mr. Naylor served as chaplain in the senate, and made a study of the legislative proceedings and maneuvers.

The First Congregational Church of Berkeley loses one of its most serviceable and beloved members in the passing into the other life on Monday of this week of Mr. C. H. Chase. For several years Mr. Chase has been the clerk of the church. A man of fine character, he was one to be depended on in every way, and he will be greatly missed in the work of the church, and in that large circle of friends in which himself and Mrs. Chase and daughter, who is a graduate of the University of California, have long had place.

Bruce Brown, an evangelist connected with the "Christian" Church, tells in The Christian Evangelist of work carried on by him in one of the early months of this year in the Congregational Church at Buena Park: "I have been conducting a meeting for the Congregational Church in Buena Park, Cal., at the earnest invitation of the board

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by

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of trustees. I accepted with the assurance that I would be perfectly free in my preaching. The meeting developed a very great interest. The audiences were large. Buena Park is a beautiful little town surrounded by a circle of large towns. It has two churches—the Methodist Episcopal and Congregational. Neither are strong because of rivalry and because it is easy for people to have their membership in the big churches in the large towns. But the interest and the audiences were so great that a spirit was developed in the community to continue to co-operate in worship and service. Representatives of all the larger bodies met separately and chose delegates to a Council. If the plan is accepted by the Congregational people this will be made permanent and a pastor will be selected and the work will be made a community affair. A good man can lead that people to great things. Judging by my experience he would be unhampered in his preaching. If it were not for the blight of denominationalism such a beautiful community would always have a strong church. But since people are severed by their early teaching, is not such a plan as the above a step toward the ideal of Christ? I think I was never treated so well nor received so cordially in a meeting. What a joy preaching would be if all God's children were truly one! This experience on even a higher level would be our daily fare. I preached the same sermons and used the same charts as in one of our churches." We have not heard what the outcome of this movement was. But it is one of the many things showing that there is an increasing desire for unity and efficiency in church work.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTTS.

The writer made a trip to the Cour d'Alene country last week. On Sunday, Jun 22nd, he was at Mullan, Ida. There was a house full at the Congregational church in the morning when the Sunday-school observed Children's Day, and the exercise was simple and interesting. The Sunday-school has an enrollment of over 100, and an average attendance of about 80. The C. E. Society is in a flourishing condition, with a membership of 91, and the meetings are well attended and full of interest. Bro. Gouge is doing good work at this place. He has recently installed a moving-picture machine and is giving exhibitions of a religious and semi-religious nature.

The work at Wallace, Ida., is in better condition than it has been for some time. Pastor Wilder is very popular in this beautiful mountain city and the church and citizens have rallied to his support, financially and morally. The church building has been renovated and beautified, and a splendid parsonage is in course of construction.

I was not able to visit Burke, where the work is in charge of Bro. Gouge in connection with Mullan. This church has lost some working members lately, but the Sunday-school is fairly well supported. It is difficult for a man to attend to the work and meet the demands from a distance.

The Rev. C. Judy is doing well at Kellogg. Finances are managed by a strong board of trustees, including among them some of the most prominent men of this growing city. When the writer preached at this place eleven years ago, in conjunction with Wardner, it was the only preaching in the place; now there are four church buildings, with organizations and regular preaching. The place

is growing rapidly and the Congregational church has a strong hold upon the people. Sunday services are well attended, and all the auxiliaries of the church are in good working condition. It was gratifying to the writer to find the work in this district, with which he had a little to do in its beginnings, making wholesome progress, as well as exerting a beneficent and uplifting influence upon a large number of people.

Spokane, Wash.

Rev. Mr. Winter closed his labors at the Corbin Park church a month ago and contemplates entering the evangelistic field.

Westminster church is still supplied by various ministers. Rev. G. H. Burdick of Deer Park occupied the pulpit last Sunday. The new pastor has not yet arrived.

Rev. H. E. Hunt of Lamon has resigned, to take effect the 1st of July. He expects to seek a field in California.

The writer is starting tomorrow morning for Portland, Ore., to attend the Christian Citizenship Conference, accompanied by his wife. They expect to take in a part of the National Conference of Charities and Correction in Seattle.

IOWERTH.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rose City Park addition to Portland, about four miles northeast of the central city post office, was the scene of the organization of a sturdy and enthusiastic Congregational church a few weeks ago, with a membership of twenty-six. This church was received into the fellowship of the Portland Local Association last Sunday by council, of which Rev. John J. Staub, D.D., was Moderator, and Rev. A. W. Bond, scribe. Rev. Frank W. Gorman, of the Atkinson Memorial Church, will be the pastor of the new organization for the present. A building belong to the Evangelical church, which has not been used for some time, has been secured as a place of worship for the time being.

A vigorous war on whiskey has been started in this city by Mr. S. Benson, a retired lumberman, several times a millionaire. In the outset he caused to be put up at accommodating intervals numerous drinking fountains. He proposes to carry the war into Congress, where legislation will be asked declaring unlawful its manufacture in this country. He is not making any war on beer or wines, and therefore will not command the support of prohibitionists.

The Second World's Christian Citizenship Conference began today in this city, and will conclude on July 6th. The foremost men of many countries are already in the city, and the principal churches here were served by them today. Rev. J. S. Martin, D.D., of Pittsburgh, Pa., General Superintendent of the National Reform Association, made an address in the First Congregational Church this morning, and the sermon in the evening was delivered by Rev. Lyman E. Davis, D.D., also of Pittsburgh, President of the General Conference of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Among the topics to be discussed will be the following, world-wide in their bearing: "Capital and Labor," "Marriage and Divorce," "The Relation of Public Education to Morality and Religion," "Peace and War," "Vice and

Crime," "Emigration and Immigration," "Society's Delinquents and Dependents," "Civil Service," "Prison Reform," "Political Corruption," "Social Conscience," and "Personal Character."

Among the visitors now here are Ng Poon Chew, Canton, China; Professor Theopal Mann, Germany; James A. MacDonald, LL.D., Toronto, Canada; Dr. Charles Merle d'Aubigne, Paris, France; Signor Davide Bosio, of the Royal Italian Army; Rev. John Lamond, B. D., minister of Green-side Parish, Edinburgh, Scotland; President Armenag Haigazian, Knola, Asia Minor, Turkey; Dr. J. S. Motoda, Tokyo, Japan; Kwong Youan, Lee, Korea; Professor Bernt Stoylen, Kristana, Norway; besides representatives from New Zealand and many Oriental countries who accepted invitations conditionally will be present at the deliberations.

The sessions of the conference will be held in the stadium in the field of the Multnomah Athletic Club, which has been arranged to accommodate 6,800. It is expected that there will be fully 5,000 delegates.

Pacific University, Forest Grove, has a new president now, in the person of Dr. C. J. Bushnell, dean and head of the Department of Social Science, Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin, who was chosen yesterday by the Board of Trustees. Dr. Bushnell is a graduate of the University of Chicago, where he won five scholarships and attained the Ph.B. degree in 1898 at the age of 23. He was awarded the Ph.D. degree later. He spent two years in educational work in this State—1901-1903—as Professor of Social Science, in Albany College. The special subjects he pursued while in the University were Sociology, Economics, Political Science, Philosophy, Pedagogy, Religion, Public Speaking, and the Bible.

After leaving Albany in 1903 Dr. Bushnell has been head Professor of Social Science in the following institutions: Heidelberg University, Tiffin, Ohio, four years; Trinity University, Texas, one year; Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, one year; Lawrence College, three years.

Dr. Bushnell is a member of the Congregational Church and an active Sunday-school worker. His present Sunday-school class is composed of college women who are taking a course on "Fundamental Problems of College Women." As a writer on religious and sociological subjects he has gained considerable prominence.

Dr. Bushnell was married in Albany, Oregon, during the years he lived there to Miss Hewitt, a granddaughter of Henry Hewett, a pioneer of 1843. She, also, is a graduate of Chicago University, and is deeply interested in social welfare work.

As Dr. Ferrin's term of service as president expired at the close of the school last week by the terms of his resignation tendered several months ago, Dr. Bushnell will begin his duties on August first.

The Board of Trustees yesterday adopted a series of resolutions expressive of their appreciation of the long and faithful service rendered by Dr. Ferrin to Pacific University.

Potland, June 29, 1913.

A solitary road is not the pathway to saintliness. The way that leads to the cloister or the hermit's cell is not the way to genuine holiness.

For The Children.

THE REFORMATION OF JIMMY.

Mrs. Pratt looked out over the back yard and sighed. She had lived in Newark two weeks now and was just as dissatisfied with city life as ever. In Johnville every house had a yard in front and a garden in the rear. Besides that there were the village square, the banks of the creek, and, just beyond, the whole countryside where children could play. She had never worried a minute as to their whereabouts. But here! Her glance again swept hopelessly over the conglomeration of fences, clothes lines, ash cans and pen-like spaces where city children were supposed to play. It was mid-July, and school would not open for six weeks.

Meanwhile within, Jimmy Pratt, her young hopeful was finishing his belated noon meal. Pushing his bowl away, he grabbed his hat and went slyly out the front door. One bound from the steps landed him in the street. Just at that moment Tommy Sullivan, a new acquaintance of Jimmy's came out of the neighboring house.

"Where you goin'?" asked Jimmy.

"Over to the schoolhouse. Want to come along?"

"What's goin' on there?" said Jimmy, joining him. "Up in Johnsville we never went near the schoolhouse durin' the vacation."

"You didn't!" responded Tommy, arrogantly.

"Gosh, no! The gate was locked up and there was a sign said 'no trespassin' under penalty of the law.'" Jimmy looked covertly back and then proudly pulled out a box of cigarettes.

"Have one!" he said, holding them out to the city boy.

"Can't. I'm trainin' for our nine," said Tommy, importantly.

"Can you play pedro?" asked Jimmy, after lighting his cigarette. The country boy had to make sort of a showing. There was no answer from the city boy, so Jimmy followed up his advantage.

"Oh, we weren't so slow up in Johnsville I won a quarter one afternoon matchin' pennies over at Hank's."

"Who's Hank's?" asked Tommy, finding an opening.

"Hank Jenkins? He keeps a livery. There's a room in back where we used to play cards, drink cider and have high old times."

Just then they reached the schoolhouse, and Jimmy's attention was attracted by a line of boys looking through a fence.

"We're late," said Tommy.

Jimmy threw away his cigarette, and the two boys found places in the line where they could see between the pickets. A big brick building stood on one side of the grounds and a lot of swings and iron-pipe things were scattered about on the other. The square place in between was occupied by a squad of boys spread out like checkers on a checker-board, who were shooting out their arms and then bending them back again. They followed the movements of a bareheaded man with rolled-up sleeves and belted trousers, who stood facing them and counted sharply up to eight and then back again in time with his arms.

"How much to get in?" asked Jimmy.

"Nothing," replied Tommy. "This is a public school. That's the principal there. They've already had a song and the flag-salute. The girls were with them, but now they're over on their side. After this is over we go in."

Presently the drum corps sounded a signal. The ranks were closed up and then the boys on the outside were allowed to come in and form in a line behind the others. After the whole company had marched around the playground and had executed several formations, it was divided into squads which were placed under the leadership of teachers and some of the bigger boys.

Jimmy noticed several of the squads going into the schoolhouse. Tommy informed him that they were going into the shoprooms to cane chairs, whittle out boats or make kites. One of the squads was going to weave baskets. Another group of boys brought out spades, shovels and rakes and started digging over in one corner of the yard with as much gusto as if digging were a game. Jimmy looked at them with amazement. He had hoed potatoes.

The squad which included Jimmy and Tommy had been assigned to the climbingropes which were down at the other end of the yard. They passed several groups already actively occupied. They were swinging through the air on the flying-rings, "skinning the cat" on the horizontal bar, vaulting over the leather-covered buck, walking on their hands suspended from ladders or making "giant-strides" through the air with the help of a rope attached to a pivot-like post.

When Jimmy passed the sand-pile where, under an awning, the three-and four-year-olds were burying their legs and bodies in white, dirtless sand, he exclaimed: "Gee, I'll bring Teddy here to-morrow!"

They came next to a high wooden platform, reached by steps on one side and having on the other side a broad, smooth wooden trough, inclined, none too gently, down to the ground. A stream of yelling youngsters were going up the stairs and sliding pell-mell down the chute, one right after another, without any thought for skin or clothes.

Jimmy was fourth in the line which formed alongside of the climbing-ropes. The first boy got only half-way up, the second stuck at three-quarters, while the third boy went clear to the top, where he was able to reach the handle of a bell. When he pulled it all the boys in that part of the yard looked around. "That's Charlie Jones," he heard some one say.

Jimmy was all a-tingle. He wondered what the boys would say when he pulled the bell. The next moment he was at it. He started violently and rose rapidly for a little way. Then his arms began to hurt. He could go no farther. Coming down, the rope burnt his hands. "Not quite halfway up," somebody told him.

The squad then moved over to where the boys had been digging. They were to see which could jump the farthest. The soft dirt made a fine place for the heels to land. Here Jimmy did a little better. He was third, but Tommy came out first. That grated. Suddenly Jimmy reached down into his pocket, and, pulling out the half-emptied box of cigarettes, threw it and its contents doggedly over the fence.

Then his squad was matched against another squad in a game where you tried to throw a large leather ball, about as large as a small pumpkin, into a basket fastened upon a post over on your opponent's side. Jimmy soon "caught on" to the ways of the game and played as fiercely as the others. During a scrimmage a boy hit him with his fist.

Immediately somebody called "Foul!" The accused boy denied his deed. Then a strange thing happened. A boy on the same side as the guilty one said he saw the boy strike Jimmy. Then the umpire gave Jimmy's side a chance to throw the ball into the enemy's basket.

And so it went. As soon as the squad was through with one game or exercise they moved on to another place where a new kind of fun was awaiting them. The teachers weren't teachers at all. They were fellows playing with them, and apparently having just as good a time. Tommy told Jimmy that to-morrow would be their turn to go into the woodshop, where they could use the tools and make things. There was a man in there who showed you how.

Jimmy went home that afternoon in an unusual state of mind, considering the fact that he had skipped out without his mother's permission. It was a new experience to him to have enjoyed a thoroughly good time and then to be able to tell his mother about it with the certainty that it would please her as well.

Next afternoon Jimmy took his sister Sally. That evening she set the table without being asked. Her mother looked on in surprise. The dishes and table were arranged in a new way.

"Where did you learn that?" asked her mother.

"At school," replied Sally, holding up her head. "They have a kitchen-garden in which the girls do all kinds of housekeeping. I'm making an apron out of two handkerchiefs."

"I thought you went there to play."

I did play. All of it's play. We played bean-bag and we sang. The teacher told a story. And then, oh, mother, we danced! Such fun! It had an awfully queer name—the dance, I mean."

"You danced! In the schoolhouse!"

"Yes, ma'am, a real dance with music. They've taken the seats out of two of the classrooms, and there's one teacher who does nothing but show the girls how to dance."

"Then there were no boys?"

"No, just girls in the dancing-room."

Mrs. Pratt was relieved, although still puzzled. When her husband came home that evening with an aching back and a begrimed face, he found some flowers on the table, his wife in a dress he hadn't seen in a long time, and the children washed and ready to sit down to eat.—Clarence Perry.

IT DOESN'T PAY!

"It doesn't pay to frown

When you're blue,

You'd better exercise a bit

And fill your lungs with air,

Don't sit down and mope and grumble, if you do

Men may pity but they'll leave you sitting there.

When the world has been unkind,

When life's troubles cloud your mind,

Don't sit down and sigh and moan and mope,

Take a walk around the square,

Fill your lungs with God's fresh air,

Then go whistling back to work and smile again and hope."

There is more power in the cultivation of self-denial than there is in the gratification of all the desires of the heart.

TO BE REALLY STRONG.

There is no such thing as unloving strength. For all unlove is weakness, and no amount of strength or energy in other directions than love can make up for this fatal, destroying weakness which unlove is. An apparently strong, capable man or woman in whose life love is not the controlling force is not

strong, no matter how appearances may deceive that one or others. Paul brings out, in an unexpected way, the vital place that love has in strength. There is a brief injunction of his of which the first part is constantly quoted, while the last part is seldom connected with the first. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

Here is a ringing challenge to strength, which appeals to every one. But at once Paul adds, "Let all that ye do be done in love." If you would stand fast in the faith, if you would be a man and a strong one, do everything in the spirit of love. There is no other way to be manly or strong, no other way to have faith in God who is love. This is why really great strength is gentle and tender. This is why the only One who is omnipotent is also loving as no man on earth has yet learned the meaning of love. Let us share God's omnipotence by letting him show forth in us the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.—S. S. Times.

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